

Bubblegum B*tch

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Bubblegum B*tch

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Summary

There's a pretty boy in Dream's apartment block.

He sits on the stairs when Dream walks past, a pair of light blue roller skates on his feet and a coy smile on his lips. And he'll blow bubbles made from light pink bubble-gum and let them break in front of his face with a loud *pop*.

Dream doesn't know the boy's name yet, but one day he'll find the confidence to ask.

or, Dream is enamoured by a boy he's never met

Notes

New fic!! all the energy for authors notes has left me, but i hope you guys enjoy !!

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

There's a pretty boy in Dream's apartment block.

He sits on the stairs when Dream walks past, a pair of light blue roller skates on his feet and a coy smile on his lips. And he'll blow bubbles made from light pink bubble-gum and let them break in front of his face with a loud *pop*.

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A new pair of high waisted pants will sit on the boy's hips every day, making his legs look long and his waist look small, and Dream can never seem to look away. He'll watch Dream walk past too, lean back on his elbows and bite down on his bottom lip on off days, bringing a rosy blush to Dream's cheeks every single time.

It's the same situation that occurs every day, and when Dream comes back to his apartment with his spirits high, he doesn't expect anything different. But today, the boy's moved from his usual spot on the bottom of the steps to be sitting right in the centre, obstructing Dream's pathway with seemingly no intention to move.

"Hey," the boy calls, beckoning Dream over with a waving hand, "It's Dream right?"

For a moment, Dream doesn't know what to do, watching dumbly as the boy throws him a dazzling smile, an artificial pink dusting his lips and a matching bracelet on his wrist. His eyes watch, transfixed, as the boy blows a bubble, pressing plump lips together as he chews.

Pop

"Hello?"

Eyes widening, Dream scrambles to find any possible words, feeling his face burn red as the pretty boy awaits his answer.

"Yes," he chokes out.

"I saw it on your mailbox," The boy smiles, extending a hand and Dream's eyes catch on the pink lacing painted on his nails, "I'm George."

Holding a blank expression, Dream lets himself reach his palm out to shake George's hand, and his own hand is clammy and long fingers are threaded with nerves, but if George notices he doesn't let it show. Sure, Dream had told himself time and time again that one day he'd be brave enough to talk to the boy with sparkling eyes and far too small tee shirts, but today is definitely not that day.

Words run from him, leaving his eyes wide and his thoughts non-existent, and Dream hopes he doesn't look too in awe of the other, because surely the rose red on his cheeks is embarrassing enough already.

Pop

"I've seen you a lot," George notes, "How come you've never said hi?"

Dream stills, "I didn't know you wanted me to."

A giggle travels through the air, light and airy and enough to make Dream swoon.

"Of course I did silly." Pink bubblegum shields half of George's features, Dream barely registering the words that George speaks as he watches. "I mean you are quite cute."

The words make Dream splutter, an alarming cough escaping his lips.

“What?”

“You heard me,” George smiles, face turning into a playful glare within seconds, “I mean what? Do you not think I’m cute too?”

Dream waves his hands in front of his chest, trying not to sound too flustered when he says, “No! No, that’s not what I meant—” And he’s ready to embarrass himself even further, flailing his arms and trying to explain himself more when George cuts him off.

“Calm down,” he laughs, “I’m only teasing.”

Brown hair gets pushed back to let George see better out of umber eyes, and Dream wants to thread his fingers through it, see if it feels as soft as it looks. Awkwardly, he stands in front of the steps, not knowing if he should get closer to the other or stay exactly where he is.

“What’s with the skates?” Dream asks once he’s found the confidence.

“Oh these?” George breathes, tilting his head to look down to the blue on his feet, “I don’t have a car, and skating’s easier. Why? You fancy a go?”

Shaking his head, Dream tries to hide the enamoured look in his eyes, “No, I just, I think they’re cool.”

A bubble pops in front of George’s face, pink, sticky gum barely managing to stop from clinging to his face as he pulls it back between two lips and chews. There’s a moment of silence, the only sound coming from George’s fingers drumming on the step he’s leaning on.

Dream’s feet stay planted to the ground – a hesitance to leave clearly displayed in his posture.

“Are you going up to your room?” George asks after a while, lazily cocking his head to one side and smiling.

And Dream, for lack of a better response, nods.

“Can I come with?”

Dream’s mouth hangs open, disbelief written on his features. George wants to go to his apartment. George wants to spend time with him. And maybe, realistically, it’s not a good idea to let a guy you barely know take control of your thoughts, enough to get you to let them go wherever they please, but Dream has never been one for rationality, and he’ll let the pretty boy go wherever he wants as long as he’s there too.

“Dream?”

“Sorry,” Dream blushes, laughing off his silence, “Of course you can.”

Pink bubblegum pops in front of George’s face. “Let’s go then.”

He uses his arms to push himself up, pink nails flashing bright against marble stairs, and surprisingly George never slips, letting his skates take him over to where Dream is stood. The skates give him a bit of extra height, making him almost as tall as Dream, and he moves until they’re almost eye level, the blush on Dream’s cheeks only darkening.

High waisted shorts make Dream’s eyes fall, following George’s waist and pale legs as he moves

towards the lift, and if he weren't doing his best to not make things weird, Dream would have just offered to carry George up the stairs instead. The wheels on George's skates scrape against the ground, the noise getting louder when he steps through the open doors of the elevator with Dream close behind his heels.

It's a small area but George still stands far too close, hovering over Dream's shoulder when he presses in the button for his floor and letting Dream see long eyelashes without having to stare for too long. He's even prettier in such a close proximity, and it's a struggle for Dream to keep his breathing even when there's a cute boy leaning against the bars and dragging his eyes up and down his body.

"What?" Dream asks, awkwardness leaking into his tone.

"Nothing," George smirks, "I just think you're attractive."

Rose pink covers Dream's features, and George seems to enjoy the look, stepping even closer until Dream's back is pressed up against a wall with his only escape being blocked by the other's body. He smiles, the shine on his lips so captivating that it's impossible for Dream to look away, and maybe just to be a tease, or maybe because he feels like it, George blows another bubble, the scent of strawberry gum finding its way up to Dream's nose.

Pop

Dream can't look away from the action, focused on how the broken bubblegum gets pulled back by George's teeth, and there's something dirty about it and Dream has to stop himself from taking the opportunity to drag the other into a sharp kiss, but he never wants George to pull away.

"Cute," George laughs. Against Dream's wishes, he slips away, escaping to the other side of the elevator with his hands running through his own hair. Dream almost follows him too, his head dipping with the effort it takes to not trail helplessly after the other.

Pink nails hold onto the barrier on the side of the elevator, keeping George propped up and stopping him from falling when the lift makes an abrupt stop. Dream steps out first, turning back to see if George is following before walking down to find his apartment. The whole time, his mind screams at him to say something, make a better impression than the one he's made already, and the wooden floors creak with the sound of George trying to roll over them.

Surprisingly, he doesn't stumble, keeping up until they reach Dream's door. George's eyes scan the area, waiting impatiently as Dream pulls out his keys with his eyes flicking down to stare at painted fingernails.

It's a shock that he isn't cold, Dream would have thought that even the hot Florida weather could get bad enough to need a jacket at some point, but George mustn't care – no shiver coursing through his bones as his bare legs stay out, covered by his socks and the blue of his shorts.

"Well, this is it," Dream says once he's managed to get the door open, stepping in first then closing it behind the other. "My apartment."

"Nice," George drones. He takes a quick look around the building before diverting his attention back to the other, pink bubblegum blowing up in a large sphere.

Pop

With one hand holding the other, George leans against one of the walls, his hip poking out and to the side with Dream's eyes following it. He doesn't know what to do, does Dream try and suggest

something for them both? Why did George even want to come with him anyway?

George pulls a small wrapper out of the pocket in his shorts, fingers slipping between his lips and being chased by his tongue as he grabs the rose-coloured gum he's been chewing and places it into the wrapper. Folding it then placing it in his pocket.

"Don't look so nervous," George laughs, pushing away from the wall when he realises that Dream isn't going to be the one to make a move. His fingers grip the belt loops on Dream's jeans, pulling them closer together than he must realise. And Dream never pulls away, he's too busy trying not to spontaneously combust to do anything at all.

"Do you like my lip gloss?" George asks, leaning in a little. His breath fans across Dream's face, bubblegum smile making Dream swoon.

"It looks good."

George smiles. "How'd you think it tastes?" It's said with a small raise of an eyebrow, George's smirk dripping through and into his tone.

Breathing coming out broken, Dream stills. "What do you mean?"

They're so close, the gap between their bodies miniscule, and Dream half considers leaning forwards and biting down on the other's lip, kissing him breathless, but he decides against it. George seems to be waiting for something too, smiling cautiously. One of his hands moves up to settle around the back of Dream's neck, resting there without really doing anything.

"It's strawberry," George notes, voice practically a whisper, and his tongue darts out to swipe over his bottom lip, "You want to try?"

There's a beat of silence, Dream's eyes trying not to dip down and staring into George's own instead, and he thinks he's doing everything right, being respectful, until George huffs, pushing back and letting go of Dream's belt loops.

Shoulders falling, Dream flinches. "What's wrong—"

"Are you going to kiss me or what?" George snaps, crossing his arms in front of his chest, "I've seen the way you look at me, why aren't you ravishing me right now?"

Dream coughs. "What?"

"Do you not want to?" George questions, "Because I can leave."

"No!" Dream exclaims, "No I want to kiss you." He doesn't make any moves though, standing still at the other side of the room.

George pushes his head forwards, shaking it slightly as if to ask Dream what the hell he's playing at, and eventually Dream catches on.

"Oh," He realises, "You want me to..?"

He makes an odd hand gesture between him and George, trying to figure out if that's really what George is suggesting. And George rolls his eyes, moving to push Dream back and get a firm grip of his hair with his right hand.

He doesn't even stumble, muttering "I'll do it my fucking self," as bubblegum pink fingernails grab

onto dirty blond locks and feet stay firmly planted to the ground. And Dream lets himself be dragged down into a bruising kiss, hands falling onto George's hips as they search for a place to stay.

The way that George kisses is dirty – he doesn't let Dream get in over his head, leading the kiss with more force than necessary. And his hands can't seem to stay in place, constantly tugging on Dream's hair to try and gauge a reaction.

It's definitely strawberry too. Dream can taste it on George's tongue and on his lips, and soon he'll be smeared with the same lip gloss and will smell like the sweet scent that lingers around the others body.

It ends before Dream can do anything about it, with George dragging him back by his hair and smirking slightly. "Was that good?" he asks, mock threaded into his voice.

Dream nods pathetically, "Don't want to stop." He reaches to try and guide George's jaw back to his, but his hand is quickly slapped out of the way.

"Impatient," George tuts, smiling meanly. It's not something that Dream has seen before but god, does he want to see it again.

But he doesn't want to disappoint George, it feels as though there are unspoken rules floating around in the sky, and Dream is doing his best not to cross them, letting George drag him around however he wants.

"Where's your bedroom?" George asks, peering into awestruck eyes.

Dream doesn't know if he has it in himself to answer. With shaking hands, he points to one of the doors to the side, mumbling, "There," as George pulls him back into a kiss.

The skates on George's feet make it slightly awkward, with Dream being far too aware of his surroundings in an attempt to not accidentally trip the other up. Hesitantly, Dream tries to steer George in the right direction, being stopped by commanding hands.

"Wait," George orders, "You don't push me around okay? I'm the one in charge here, not you."

A whine escapes Dream's lips as he nods, silently agreeing with everything the other says.

"Good boy," George smiles. Releasing his grip on Dream's hair, George takes half a step back, resting precariously on his skates and the others shoulder. "Help me get the skates off and I might give you treat, okay?"

The words are laced with sarcasm, slightly cocky and biting and Dream wants to hear more mean words slip from the others mouth. His scalp stings from the way that George had been clinging onto him, but he pays it no mind, dropping down to unthread the laces that keep George attached to baby blue skates.

There's a struggle to not let George fall over, and he tugs the skate off of his foot and watches George drop down to a much lesser height. The next skate comes off easier, and Dream sets them neatly to the side, careful to not scuff the clean blue.

He waits for George to drag him back into a rough kiss, but it never happens, instead George places two fingers under his chin and smiles. "Lead the way."

Without hesitation, Dream does as he's told, showing George through the door to his room and

feeling himself be pushed forwards until he's hitting the bed. To try and catch a glimpse of the other, Dream turns around quickly, getting moved so he's sitting with his back against the headboard before George can tell him what to do next.

Unsurety lies behind his every movement and George sits down on his lap to try and guide him back to the task at hand. He drags Dream's bottom lip between his teeth, tugging lightly on it and biting down hard enough to draw blood. It stings but Dream doesn't say anything, savouring the way that George is touching him as though he's the most breakable thing on the planet.

Seconds pass by like hours, George's touch only getting more intense with time, and Dream lets a soft whimper out into his mouth when he feels George roll his hips down against his. The friction from his jeans is almost unbearable, but George makes the feeling better, kissing Dream with ferocity and pretty pink lips.

George's hands tug on the end of Dream's shirt, making the other have to chase after him to keep up the kiss due to the fact that there's nothing pulling on his hair anymore. His mind goes fuzzy, because honestly, this is not how he had expected his day to go. He's sitting in his room with the cute boy from the stairs on his lap. And there's no way on earth that Dream is going to complain, but there's still a part of him that is more confused than anything else.

"You want to go further?" George asks in-between kisses, hands sliding up the material of Dream's shirt.

Groaning at the touch, Dream lets out a shaky breath, "Like?"

"Like do you want to fuck me?"

Dream almost chokes from the shamelessness of it all, and his hands freeze where they were roaming up George's sides.

"Actually?" He asks, eyes wide. This cannot be real, he must be sleeping right now, there is no way that George actually wants him.

Grinning, George nods, pulling on the collar of Dream's shirt to bring their foreheads close, "Of course. Unless you don't want to," George laughs lightly, "I mean, you've thought about it before, right? You've thought about fucking me, maybe on that staircase you walk past so much."

It's not a lie. Memories of himself laying in bed at night and fucking his own fist as he thinks of bubblegum pink and pale expanses of skin make Dream burn red, and the giggle that George lets out tells him that his embarrassment is obvious.

"So?" George asks, much harsher than before, and the soft touch of his fingertips switches to nails digging into Dream's skin. "What do you want?"

"You," Dream gasps out, tongue sticky with rose coloured prose.

"Aw," George coos, "You want me? Isn't that precious. I mean, aren't you just the sweetest?"

Dream's barely even listening, his eyelids getting heavy with promises of the other boy in his arms making him woozy. It's all pink, George's left hand coming up to cup Dream's cheek and his fingers squeezing the skin tight, maybe hard enough to leave marks on Dream's face that'll last for days.

"Say it again," George drawls, smiling down at the other.

“What?”

“I said, say it again.” It’s not a request, in fact George seems rather adamant about it, and there’s a level of cruelty to his tone that makes Dream whimper.

He drops his head down onto George’s shoulder, desperately trying not to grind up against the other’s body and lose himself in the heat. “I want you,” He mumbles, gasping when fingers thread back through his head and pull his neck back so he’s actually facing the other, “Please George, I want you.”

“There we go,” George giggles, “Now be a good boy and pass me the lube, okay?”

Dream scrambles to do as he’s asked, trying not to bump George off of his lap as he twists his body around to rummage through a side drawer and bring out an unopened bottle. Eagerly, he pushes it into George’s hands, eyes watching carefully as George scans over the side and picks at the seal.

Although he doesn’t say anything, curiosity is evident in the way he quirks an eyebrow, unravelling the clear plastic seal and throwing it to the floor. Dream can clean it up later.

Pulling on the hem of Dream’s shirt, George reaches to lift the fabric up over his head and discards it somewhere off to the side. Embarrassed, Dream half wants to place a hand across his stomach to hide himself, but George looks at him with lust in his eyes and Dream can’t help but want to be subject of that stare forever.

With helping hands, George’s own shirt gets pulled off next. The tight material being stripped from his body to leave him sitting in those stupid, high waisted shorts and white socks. He’s pale, pretty and sitting right on top of Dream’s half hard cock, and just the sight of him like that makes Dream’s breath slip away.

“Get your pants off,” George orders, moving so he’s no longer straddling Dream’s hips and both of his feet are touching the ground. The lube bottle gets thrown to the side, falling on light bedsheets and making a small dip in the mattress.

Dream pulls his jeans off as quickly as he can, letting the material pool around his feet before kicking it off and to the floor. He settles back onto the bed in the same position, waiting for George to do the same.

Confused, he watches as George plucks something from his pocket, fiddling around with a small square of pink paper before dropping it down and onto Dream’s side table. He pops a fresh piece of bubblegum into his mouth, chewing slowly before blowing a large bubble with Dream still watching. The lip gloss he had been wearing is smeared slightly, making a small mess at the side of his lips, and for some strange reason, Dream thinks it looks even better like that.

Pop

“You ready?” He asks, placing a hand on his hip.

“Yeah,” Dream mumbles, voice soft, “Do you need me to prep you?”

George shakes his head, “No need.” Pink nails catch on the blue of George’s shorts, pulling them down past milky thighs before dropping them to the floor. A too tight pair of boxers come off next and Dream barely has the time to let his mouth drop open and for lust to leak into his tone before George is turning around and spreading himself slightly.

A light pink plug is clearly in Dream’s sight, crystal top poking out from inside of George’s body.

And Dream's mind goes fuzzy, thoughts of how the boy has been wearing this the entire day flooding through him. It matches his nails simply enough, and that probably shouldn't be a turn on but it is for Dream. Sadly though, he doesn't get to admire it for as long as he'd have liked, because with impatience running through his veins, George tugs on the end far too soon and pulls it out of himself.

It catches on his rim, the drag showcased in how George has to tug a few times before it properly moves, and the crystal end shines against Dream's eyes.

Letting out a loud breath, George spins around, holding the plug between delicate fingers.

"Don't look so upset," He laughs, holding the plug up so Dream can see it fully, "Or I'll make you put it in your mouth."

If he's being honest with himself, Dream doesn't think it'd be all that bad, but still he pulls a face, trying to express false discomfort through dazed features.

Pop

Dream's mind may be hazy but he still finds the time to run his eyes over George's (now naked) body. He's gorgeous, pretty pink swirls running over his skin, and something about it makes Dream's breathing slow. Reaching his hands out, George allows him to take his waist between his palms, pulling him closer to the bed.

The plug gets dropped, falling somewhere between the clothes that lie on the floor, but neither make an effort to pick it back up and place it someplace memorable. Dream's hands shake with the effort it takes to not grab George fully and line himself up, but the pain is eased away by how giggly George is, naked and on his lap.

They shift slightly so that Dream is lying almost flat on his back, propped up by a pillow and his elbows, and above him, George toys with pink nipples, teasing himself while Dream is forced to just watch.

"Do me a favour," George says, settling properly on Dream's thighs, "Sit on your hands."

Dream frowns, "What?"

"You heard me."

"But then I can't touch you," Dream complains, the words coming off desperate and needy.

"God," George mutters, taking a fistful of Dream's hair to drag him up, "You're not the smartest, are you? The point is you don't touch, idiot."

It's harsh, biting and said with a growl that makes Dream flinch, he peers off to the side, trying not to catch dismissive eyes and from now on he swears he'll do his best not to disappoint George in any possible way. Sheepishly, Dream moves to place his hands underneath himself, leaving him completely bare and vulnerable to whatever the other wishes to do.

The sound of the bottle being flicked open makes his eyes widen, although he doesn't dare to look over and stare at George through the fear of being told off again. The blood rushing through his veins is hot, fuelled by lust and the promise of sex, and when Dream does finally look over to the other, he sees brown, slightly tousled hair and pink bubblegum kisses that make his pupils go large and fill with awe.

Cold lube is poured onto George's palm, making his skin wet and slippery and for a moment, Dream isn't sure of what he's going to do, until he feels the same hand be wrapped around him.

"God," Dream moans, George's hand immediately picking up pace and sliding up and down his cock to make him fully hard. It's rough, with George squeezing a little too tightly but Dream doesn't care, letting himself get lost in the pleasure.

George twists his hand on the upstroke, using his right hand to hold the base and his left to dig a thumb into Dream's slit and make him hiss.

"This good?" He taunts, holding on a little tighter, "Do you like it when I touch you like this?"

His hand only seems to move quicker, heat building up in the centre of Dream's stomach, and it's pitiful how close he's getting just from a quick handjob, but the shame makes him even harder.

Undoubtedly, if he cums right now there's no chance that George will stop, in fact he'll probably do his best to make his movements even faster, spitting filthy words about how pathetic Dream is as he does so. And it doesn't help to slow down Dream's upcoming orgasm, because the thought of being yelled at and degraded by someone as perfect as George is never going to be a punishment in his eyes.

"You close?" George teases, "Do you want to cum for me?"

Dream nods, whining and not stopping his hips from frantically bucking into George's hand, he's close, so close, all it would take would be a few more strokes for him to cum over George's hand and his stomach. And he can taste the cherry red, feel the pleasure starting to tingle at the tips of his fingers, but just when he's about to get it, everything stops.

"Wow," George laughs, letting go of Dream's cock and sitting back, "You didn't actually think I'd let you, right?" With fragile fingers, he slaps Dream's dick lightly, watching it bob against the other's stomach, "Pathetic."

"No" Dream whimpers, crying out desperately for some form of touch, "No let me."

Cackling, George leans back, shaking his head with a sick smile on his lips. His tongue darts out, swiping over his bottom lip and then dipping into pink bubblegum to make it pop. Dream can't take his eyes away from him, still frantically trying to recover from the loss of his orgasm with a heaving chest – trepidation creeps up his spine when he hears George laugh, but he pushes it back down, watching everything with lust filled pupils.

Noticing his staring, George smirks, shuffling forwards so Dream's cock is directly underneath him, and he grinds down slowly, watching Dream's face as he does so. Overwhelmed, Dream's head falls back, him biting his lip in a pitiful attempt not to rut against George's body uncontrollably.

He can feel his cock slide between George's cheeks, tracing over the rim but not being allowed to actually press in.

"Aw," George laughs, a cruel smile on his lips, "Is someone desperate?"

"Please," Dream whimpers, "Let me, please."

A hand reaches behind George's back, taking Dream's cock and holding it at the other's entrance. The temptation to just push in stands heavy at the front of Dream's mind, but he holds back, trying not to writhe around and holding out for as long as he can instead.

Thighs tense around Dream's sides, not yet shaking from the effort it takes to hold a body up above another. Dream wants to hold on, he wants to feel George's skin under him, but he knows it'd go against the neatly placed rules that have been set down.

The hand on the base of his cock gets tighter, calculated movements making Dream gasp out, hoping that George will finally give it to him.

"You want it?" George asks, cruel tone making Dream's face scrunch up, "Tell me you want it sweetie."

The look on Dream's face should tell all, but of course George still wants to hear him say it.

"Yes," Dream whines, "Put it in, please George."

"Calm down." George rolls his eyes, shifting so the position is easier to maintain. A spare hand moves to grip at Dream's thigh, making it so George has to lean back and rest on the other's body to stay stable. "You know I always thought you'd be more uptight about this, want everything to be gentle and pretty, but you proved me wrong. You want it just as bad as me."

"George, please."

"You're barely even listening." George lets the head push in, finally giving Dream everything he wants, and he sinks down slowly, dragging it out to see Dream shake. "You're so focused on finally getting to fuck something that you can't even focus on the things I'm saying."

With a tight expression on his face, George doesn't stop moving until Dream is fully inside of him, letting their skin touch and press together. Heat keeps them close; it makes Dream's hands tremble underneath him, and it barely makes sense in his own mind that the bubblegum pink boy is actually with him right now, that they're both in Dream's bed with fused joints.

"How's it feel?" George asks, eyes slipping shut. And Dream is too far gone to answer, his head tipped back and bliss falling from his lips in the shape of enamoured panting and broken moans.

"Good," Dream manages. It's a struggle to keep himself still, every single bone in his body screams at him to let go and fuck George in the way he wants to but he can't, it's as though the promise of being able to please the other is too much for him to resist. "You feel so good George."

It's almost too much. George feels so perfect around him, he's hot and he's tight, and every few seconds he clenches down around him tantalizingly. Every nerve in Dream's body feels as though it's on fire, and the pressure in his stomach only grows.

Just when he's getting settled, when George has finally adjusted to the feeling, Dream's hips snap up, uncontrolled and sharp. It's an accident, Dream didn't mean to of course, but it still happened, throwing George off slightly for less than a second.

It feels amazing, warmth floods through Dream's body, and he moans, loud and unabashed, ready to start chasing the pleasure until he feels a hand on his chest.

"Bitch," George spits, pink nails dragging down Dream's chest to leave red, angry marks, "You couldn't even hold still for a fucking second, I was being nice, making it easy for you, yet you still couldn't listen to me."

Shame burns at the centre of Dream's chest, making the top of his chest flush red as pretty pink lips bite out obscenities as though they're poems.

George's face is twisted up, anger in his tone, "Little fucktoy doesn't know when to sit back and just fucking take what it's given." He rolls his hips forwards, making Dream's cock twitch inside of him, "Pathetic."

"I'm sorry," Dream gasps, shaking at the effort to keep still. "I'm sorry, just move."

To his surprise, George does. His thighs squeeze around Dream's sides as he starts to roll his hips, picking himself up and dropping back down slowly, and the pace makes Dream gasp, desperate for more. And all he can think is that George is right, he is pathetic, but he doesn't care, because he's too focused on how pretty George looks on his lap.

"Only because I want to," George warns, picking himself up, "But if you so much as move, I won't stop until you're crying – might even punish you for it later too."

That's fine, that's perfectly fine, and Dream nods to show his understanding, lip being pulled between his teeth and turning a broken red. George's pale skin stretches with every movement, and his hipbones sit pretty next to Dream's, pressing against translucent skin.

Through George's own impatience, the pace soon quickens, with George letting out small breaths and Dream having to do his best to stop his own moans. All of his senses feel heightened, George bouncing in his lap and letting his nails dig into the skin.

Flashes of pink bubblegum sit in his mouth, and when his eyes roll back at the pleasure, Dream's own desperation becomes even more. His cock throbs, so close to spilling deep inside of George's body, but he holds it back, staying silent as George uses his body.

"There you go," George coos, pleasure dripping from his pretty features, "Aren't you just the bestest boy in the whole world? Being so good for me now."

The praise makes Dream keen, "I am," He babbles, "I'm being good for you."

The smirk on George's face is still mocking, he moves faster and faster with each second, shifting his hips to change the angle after a while, causing a sickly-sweet moan to slip from his lips. "You can cum," George gasps out, clenching down around Dream's cock and watching his reaction, "Whenever you want, okay?"

It sounds like a trap but Dream doesn't care. The pleasure building up in his stomach only growing. His legs feel as though they don't work and the moans that fall from his throat can't even be concealed. Inside of George's body, his cock twitches, pathetic whines threaded through the air around.

His orgasm lingers at the bottom of his spine, slowly creeping upwards, and Dream can't do anything to stop it now, even if George decided to get up, stop touching him in any way possible, Dream wouldn't be able to hold back.

"Close," He whines, and now his hips move of their own accord, bucking up and into George's body without a care for how the nails digging into his skin get sharper with attempts to hold him down.

Bubblegum pink lips fall slack as George starts to moan too, likely close to the edge as well. "Need to feel it," George says, slightly strained, "You're so deep inside of me."

The words make Dream twitch, a shudder wracking through his entire body, but before he can do anything about it, try to make this pleasure last for even longer, his orgasm hits him at full force, making him moan and his back arch impossibly. All words run from his mind, vision blackening as

pleasure courses through his body.

“*Fuck*,” Dream moans, spilling inside of George with a weak thrust. His muscles feel weak, hands going numb underneath his body, and despite how tired he obviously is, George doesn’t stop moving.

It’s exactly like Dream had expected, George still riding him just as hard and as fast as before without a single thought towards how Dream feels. The stimulation is overwhelming, and it’s lucky that George is close cumming too because Dream doesn’t know how much of this he can take.

George’s movements are rough, his head falling low and hands roaming over Dream’s chest. It’s too much, too quickly but Dream doesn’t complain, he’ll let George use him however he wants until he’s done. Breathing heavily, George wraps a hand around his own cock, jerking forwards at the touch, and letting out a loud sound.

He closes his eyes, never stopping riding Dream, with his hips moving frantically into his hand and his face scrunching up so perfectly.

It’s dirty to watch and Dream doesn’t know if he should look away, but after a second the muscles in George’s thighs strain and his movements grow with ferocity. “*God*,” George gasps, moving his hand even quicker, “So close Dream.”

Seconds pass with George fucking his fist desperately, and when Dream’s sensitivity means that his eyes are watering and body is limp, George finally cums. It lands on Dream’s stomach, paints him white, and with the way that George clenches down around him, making it tighter than it had felt the entire time, Dream knows he’s fucked.

The moan that George lets out is breathy, and underneath his tongue he keeps the bubblegum just so he doesn’t choke on it while he rides out his high. It must only last a few seconds but to Dream it’s like hours, and when George finally lifts himself back up and lets Dream slip out it’s as though cold water has been thrown over him.

He’s not even processing words, so fucked out and tired, with post orgasm bliss at the bottom of his stomach. Blurred figures move about in front of him but Dream’s eyes are slipping shut, and before he can really do anything about it, he’s falling, dark lights covering his eyes as he goes.

~

When Dream wakes up he’s alone. The lights are on and glaring out from underneath the closed door, and it takes a hazy hand and a few confused minutes for Dream to get up and investigate.

His whole apartment is strangely bare, no skates on the side of the wall and for a moment Dream wonders if it was all imaginary. But then he sees it.

You’re a bit too trusting, I could have robbed you blind lmao, but thanks for last night. It was fun, let’s do it again sometime xx

- George xxxx-xxx-xxxx

Awestruck fingers trace over the rose kiss mark on the edge of the paper, and for a moment Dream doesn’t move, trying to memorise the number without even having to put it into his phone. There’s a small cube on the table too, wrapped up in pretty pink paper, and Dream doesn’t even have pick it

up to know what it is. The tube of bubblegum, strawberry and enough of a reminder of who he spent the night with.

With aching bones, he places the note back down. He can call George later.

End Notes

comments/kudos are greatly appreciated

i worked on another fic this week with another writer that's a bit longer, maybe check it out?

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